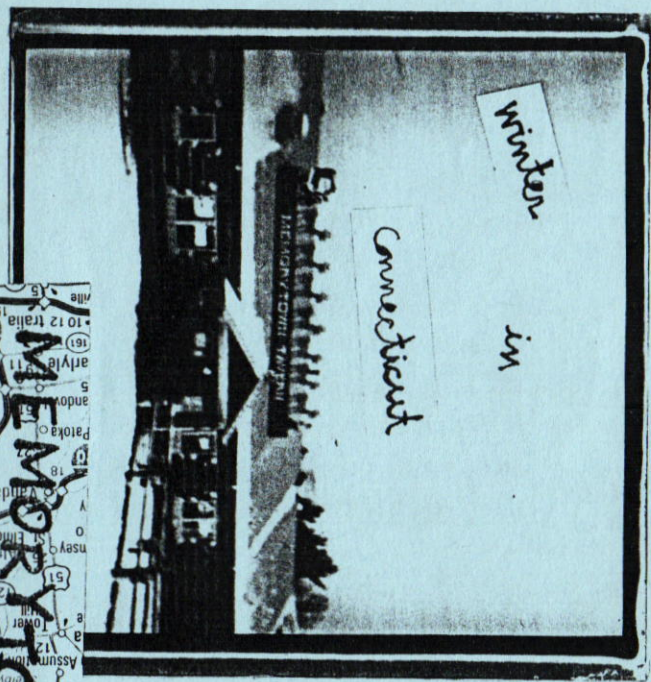


from: Emily K. Larned • Western fax
4724 • Middletown, Ct • 06459 • USA



to:

MEMORYTOWN USA



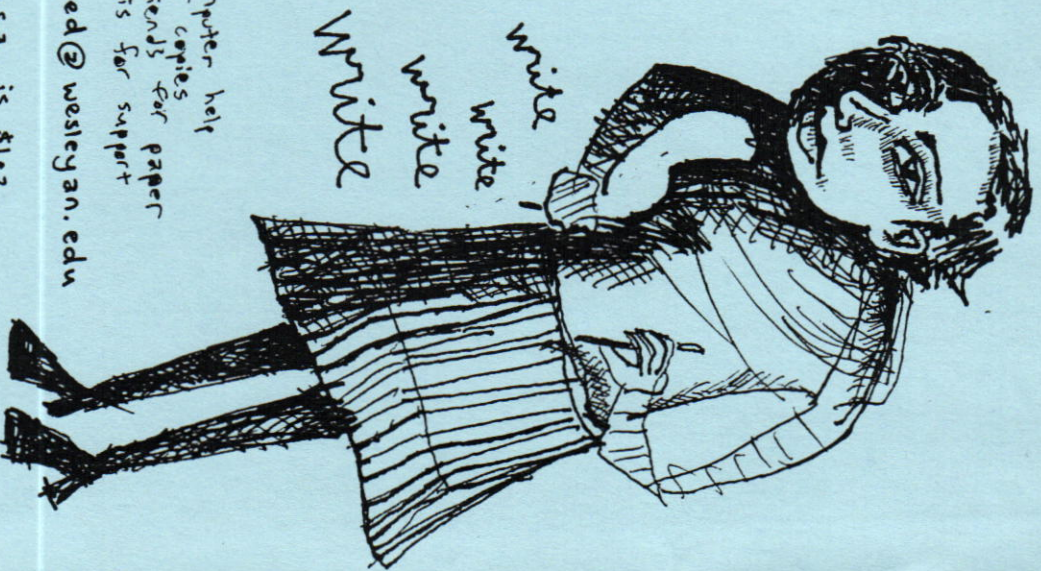
issue no. 3
end of winter, 1999

\$1+2 stamps
or trade

winter in
Connecticut

WRITE FOR THESE they all write zines!

- * pink tea + fancy (\$1 + 2 stamps) keight bergmann. 2 star stn. pob 231150. boston, ma 02123
- * southern fried darling (\$1 + 2 stamps) amy marastin. 4705 5th ave. apt. 5B. pittsburgh, pa. 15213
- * daffodile (trades only!) emily lyon. pob 124. willington, ct. 06279
- * red hooded sweatshirt (\$1 + 2 stamps) marissa falco. pob 15214. boston, ma. 02215
- * kyogen vengence (send \$2 only for her latest project) molly kalkstein. 500 college ave. swarthmore, pa. 19081
- * the meany eater (\$1 + 2 stamps) elk a. 149 via baja. ventura, ca. 93003
- * once a day (\$1) claire. 2461 mcgill st. vancouver, bc v5k1g7 canada
- * phenomenology of my inactivity (\$1 + 2 stamps) g.s. lee. 6180 coldstream rd. highland heights, oh. 44143
- * violet blind (\$1 + 2 stamps) amy esche. pob 3084 evansville, in 47730-0084
- * linersville (\$1 + 2 stamps) libby. pob 11. san mateo, ca. 94401-0011
- * bottom feeder (\$1 + 2 stamps) carolea wheaten. pob 8412. columbus, oh. 43201
- * olive (\$1 + 2 stamps) cindy. pob 1734. ashville, nc. 28802



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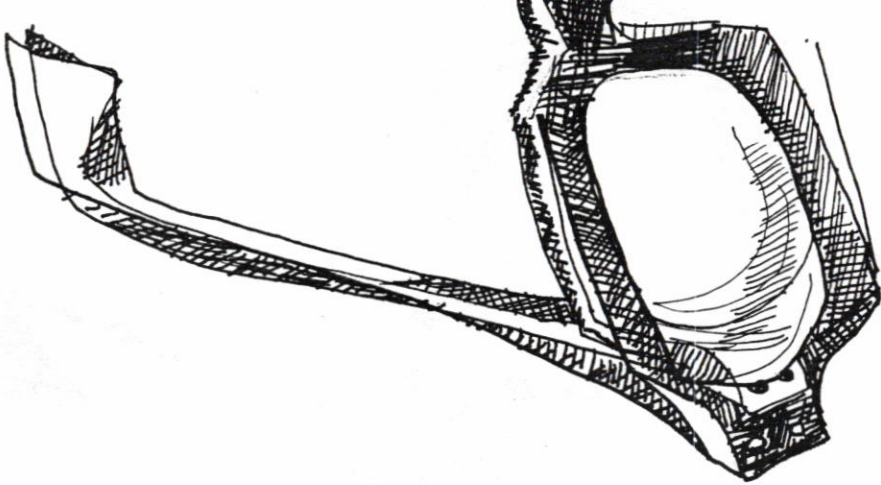
emily k. larned
wesleyan box 4724
middletown, ct
06459-4724
u.s.a.

what i listened to:
smg, the field mice, catpower,
belle & sebastian, bedhead,
magnetic fields, zmatz,
throwing mugs down from
1982, thank you jungle with
pif, 2nd gilberto, sanchez
esquire, palace, adamo, omd.

good-bye winter in
connecticut



hello
spring



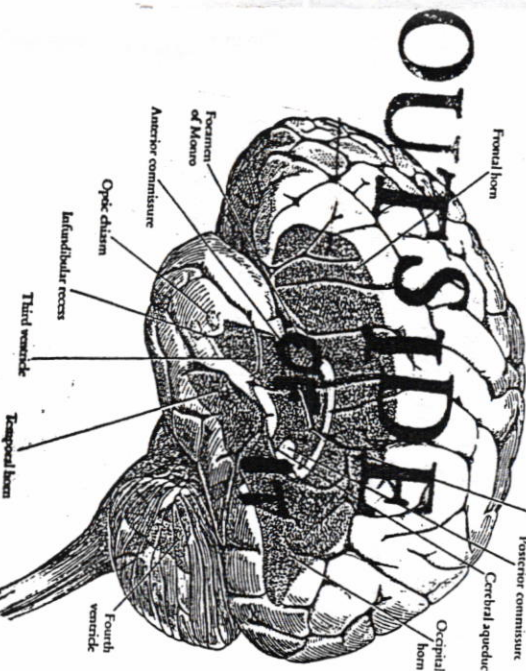
Last winter was a Kansas one: the first night in December when it snowed Jessica and I ran out of our house on Kentucky Street and built tiny snow people and cats and fixed them with more snow onto the hoods of our neighbors' car. Jessica wrote "Merry Christmas" with a stick in the snow by their doormat. They had a newborn baby and they called the cops on us three times in ten months.

Winter in Kansas was dating a boy, briefly, who lived in a house out on Prairie with another boy and another girl. He had things like a long white vinyl couch that would fling out into a bed when you slapped it the right way, and a lampshade of printed collaged photographs of foliage, like the wallpaper in my dentist's office or in the Caribbean restaurant in Middletown. By the outside door he had hung up a map of the USA vertically so Texas was where California should be. In this same room there was a

the homunculus body has a very short back. But the palms of your hands are enormous.

How many bodies are there besides the one you think you know, how many bodies live on in different parts of your brain suspended in liquid, or in your so-called heart, tight with muscle. All over my body back and hands and everything I am a body hot in July, last July or next July both at the same time and I say to Chris, in your bedroom, do you ever pretend it is summer.

INSIDE AND



Back in Christian's tiny bedroom it is very very warm. He has this humidifier that is on all the time and it reminds me of some sort of space age goldfish tank and I tell him this. It is so incredibly cold outside your face hurts but inside lying on his futon you would not believe that it is January.

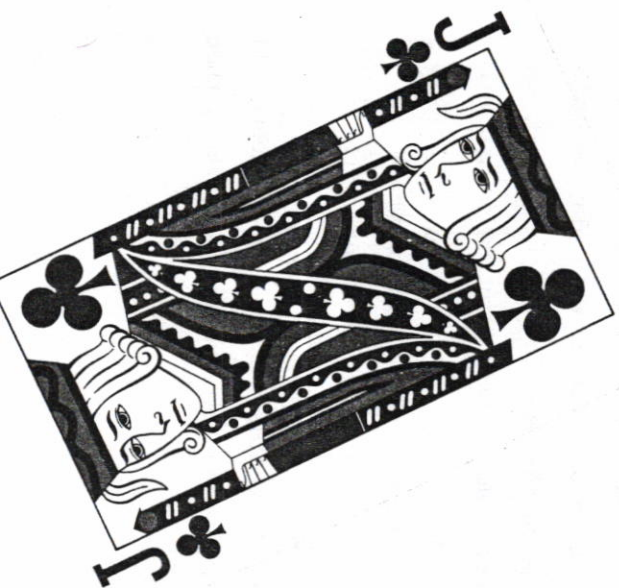
Lying down and drunk and I'm thinking about how in your brain there is a body, tiny. A representation of your body proportional to the sensory receptors on the skin's surface. It is your body, distorted, not your body at all but different parts larger and smaller than in the body you know. It lives in the postcentral gyrus, and it is called the homunculus.

Your back is the smallest part. When someone is rubbing your back you can't very well gage the difference between a little bit up and a little bit down and a little bit anywhere on your back and this is why,

bar with blue fake fur tacked up on the wall behind it and a metal armor helmet on top of it. Lifting the visor inside there's a decanter and two glasses where the knight's face would be. Casey would do card tricks at the bar or we'd play Atari blackjack in his room and drink beer, which is funny because I'm afraid I'm much more of a Scrabble and cocktails sort of girl. He'd leave his TV all the time switched to the Atari function, the blackjack cartridge in. The screen color would change, from flat blue, to brown, to orange, to green, as the two decks of cards rested stagnant on the screen. We'd play records and lie on the bed, low to the ground, an enormous black velvet painting on the wall behind us.

The first time we went anywhere, before we were dating, we went to thrift stores in Kansas City. He bought these striped baby blue and lime green sheets and at the time as he paid for them I knew that

I was going to sleep on them, that I would, sure as anything, even though at the same time I wasn't convinced how much I liked him really. He was a neat boy, and cute and quirky, but difficult. I kind of knew all along, like a secret I wouldn't even tell myself, that nothing would work out between us at all. But for a while we tried and I just found these same sheets, recently, in a thrift store in Connecticut, and I bought them. Winter in both places, and how they're the different and the same.



After having four drinks Chris and I figure out that every third drink is free and every drink is so cheap anyway and I stick to rum and Cokes for a while and then we run out of cigarettes and someone switches the channel to football. After he comes back with more cigarettes I give Chris a dollar to put songs on the jukebox and it is then that he notices a bottle behind the bar called Rock and Rye. He asks the bartender what it is and the bartender says poison as he pours us a shot to taste it. It is like orange cough syrup. I order one with seltzer and Chris does too and the bartender laughs and charges us \$1.50 each. He hasn't yet picked up the tips we've left on the bar. I'm in love with this place, it is like you're not in New York at all and I say this to Chris and he says, *that's why I like you, because you say things like that.*

Saturday night in New York it is too cold to walk around and too crowded in bars and all the movies playing sound terrible and there are no good rock shows and Chris and I don't know what to do. Then we find this bar two blocks from his apartment. It is called the Blarney Cove. We go in and the walls are fake stone paneling and striped wallpaper and the history channel is on, a documentary on the Prohibition. I get all excited because for the past several days I had been talking about how I wanted to get a library book out on it.

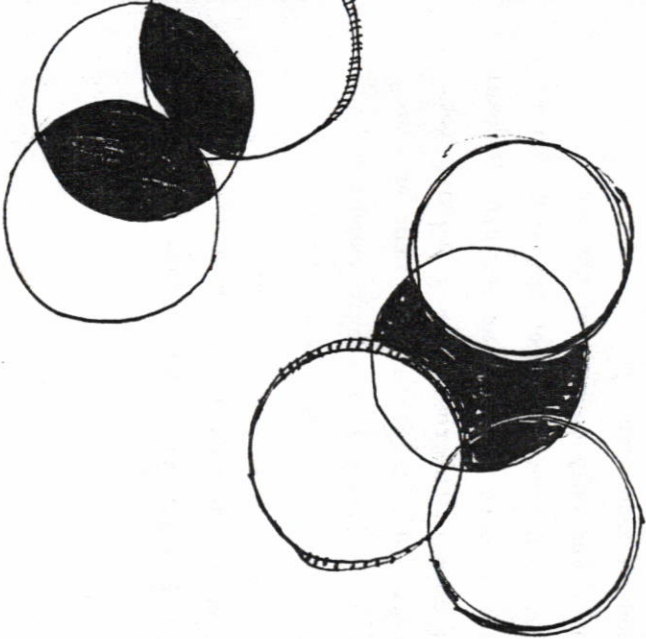
There are four men playing poker, loudly, in the back and at the bar one old man with a black mesh baseball cap and big black glasses smoking to the left of us and two older Polish women smoking up front to the right of us, and us, smoking. The bartender is drunk and I have to tell him how to make a Black Russian. We don't have to raise our voices to hear each other.

December 17th is Stephanie's birthday and she is out in Oklahoma. I haven't seen her since the morning of her graduation last May in Lawrence, the day I left town for good.

On her birthday last year, her 23rd one, we ended up at an upstairs bar and some boy we didn't know bought her and Bea and me drinks. I talked with Danny about cities we have known, well or not at all. Afterward Bea drove me in her white Honda parked on Massachusetts St. to my red Honda parked on Tennessee.

This was only days after the work party. Catherine was sweet and wrote on my Christmas card *such a star you are*. Michael fell down in the restaurant's parking lot. We were all a little drunk except Angela who was pregnant with Brevin except of course we didn't know he was Brevin yet or a boy at all. At the dinner table Stephanie squeezed my arm above the elbow and whispered *you're my Arizona Trading*

Company Christmas present. A.T.C. was the name of the used clothing store where we worked. I was quietly in love with the fact that I'd be in Kansas for five more months after flying home for ten days of winter in Connecticut. From the backseat of Corey and Angela's car driving back to Lawrence I watched the lights of Kansas City and knew, so incredibly happily, that Stephanie was close breathing next to me. That was winter in Kansas, just last year.



between daydreaming and remembering. It is all the same thing, how we go on living our life and thinking of the life we are living and have lived and will live: what we want, what we have wanted, what we never got at all. What now is the difference between making all of this up and writing it all down or telling about things I saw and did and how I think of them, those things, even as they still go on.



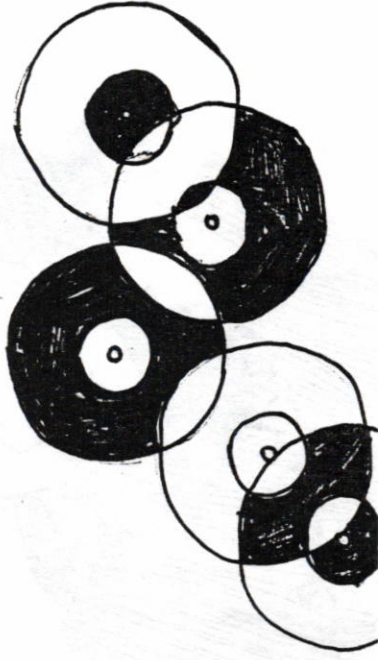
GIFT SHOP
MEMORYTOWN U.S.A.
MOUNT POCONO, PENNSYLVANIA

logo printed on the bass drum. I bought things at the gift shop. There was also a Memorytown Motel that first I wanted to stay in until we got there and then I just wanted to leave. So we drove back to New York City through the darkness and Chris falling a half sort of asleep beside me.

But on the way to Memorytown USA Chris asked me what I thought it would be like, or rather, what sort of Memorytown USA was I thinking of when I named my zine. As in, *was it a place in which you make memories, or was it a place where you remember things that have already happened, in other places?* What I explained to him was that it was both, really, but what I meant is that really they are the same thing. The living and the remembering and the recording are too intertwined to be separated. They all happen one inside the other, like wooden Russian nesting dolls. Or even what I had written to Chris in an e-mail weeks ago: *what is the difference*

What I remember is winter in Connecticut my first year of college. It is February and thick with snow, the path from the Campus Center to High Street is mushy and grey and Abby doesn't have her glasses on and she says she can't recognize anyone 25 paces away.

I'm walking to Abby's house on College Street and I'm 18 soon to turn 19. It is the weekend after Valentine's Day. Abby is carrying a brown paper sack full of groceries and I'm carrying an overnight bag with cold wet pink hands. We're going to cook dinner and then she's going to a party and I'm going to read. I look through her records not unlike my records and then, lying on her mattress on the floor I read about Shinto until I fall asleep on pastel floral thrift store sheets.



I wake up when she comes home. We played spin the bottle she says amused and annoyed and then I kissed Matt and Hope, kissed Jesse and Jacob kissed -- well, that's no good that's no good at all, but the entangled details why have been forgotten. All these kids still know each other but one is in Boston, one in Seattle, two are in San Francisco, one is here in Middletown but about to graduate this semester. Several days ago I received a second postcard from Matt in California: tell me how you are. There have been two letters from Abby, and three phone calls, and too many new complicated details of lives to tell.



The day we left we went to the real Memorytown USA. Maybe you didn't know that it exists but it does, a real authentic little tourist trap in the Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania. There are only about four or five buildings and they all look like they're made out of cardboard, painted brick red, made to look like old barns. I read the back of a postcard and it says that they actually are old barns, restored. Well. We went to the Memorytown Tavern which maybe actually was once a real barn and ordered micro-brewed Memorytown Ales and sat around and felt conspicuous. We were probably the only people under thirty-five who weren't under the age of five. I was the only woman without big hair. There were all these old ads and yellowed posters and things on the wall so I stuck up a copy of Memorytown USA #2 and it could be there forever without anyone noticing. The Tavern was big and dimly lit but Chris pointed out that among the rifles and agricultural equipment hanging from the ceiling there was also a Memorytown USA drum kit, with a

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Brewery
P.O. Box 1000
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call (860) 633-2254.

Winter in Connecticut: for two years
Abby lived in the same long blue house on
the corner of College and Pearl. Now

I live two blocks over, on the corner of
Washington and Pearl. There was this one
afternoon in November when Jenna was away
and I thought I just wanted to be alone
elsewhere so I drove out of town and to
somewhere and to somewhere else again and
again until I realized that what I really
wanted was to be nowhere in particular
but with Abby. I had forgotten how to
know that.

This past summer she came out from
Pennsylvania to visit me in New York City.
We sat outside in the early evening and ate
vegan brownies and waited for it to get
dark so we could feel okay getting drinks.
Two sailors stopped me and asked which bars
weren't gay bars. I couldn't decide if that
was funny or sad and the whole night was
like that, soon Abby started crying and she
said she didn't know why. I held her hand

~~~~~

and bought her a cocktail. She played me five songs on the juke box. Soon she was moving across the country to Seattle and all of a sudden it was like she couldn't remember why. I couldn't imagine what school would be like without her. I still don't; it is a different school.

The reason why I slept at Abby's that weekend after Valentine's Day three years ago was because my roommate's boyfriend had flown up from Florida. I don't remember meeting him. Probably I never did but I remember him from a photograph, framed: shorn short dark hair, athletic build, dark skin. I had a boyfriend too, he lived 40 minutes away. At the time I was convincing myself I loved him wholly and completely and madly and I wouldn't go to parties. That and cooking vegan curry dishes at Abby's was winter in Connecticut my first year of college.

You go upstairs and there are two more bars and all these kids dancing to house music with inane lights spinning around and the DJ shouting out every couple of minutes all hip-hop Happy New Yeeeeeeeeaaaar! and then you go up the stairs again and there's the DJ booth, a pool table, a pinball machine, and another bar. Christian and I didn't know what to do. I smoked too much. We danced for a bit with our friends on the second floor to bring in 1999 and all Happy new Yeeeeeeeeaaaarrrrrr! and then we went downstairs and watched the band and ate the free carrot sticks. New Year's Eve is the sort of night you expect something big to happen but it never does. It's just you and kids and wanting everything so much at once but nothing that is there, tangible, that you can think of.

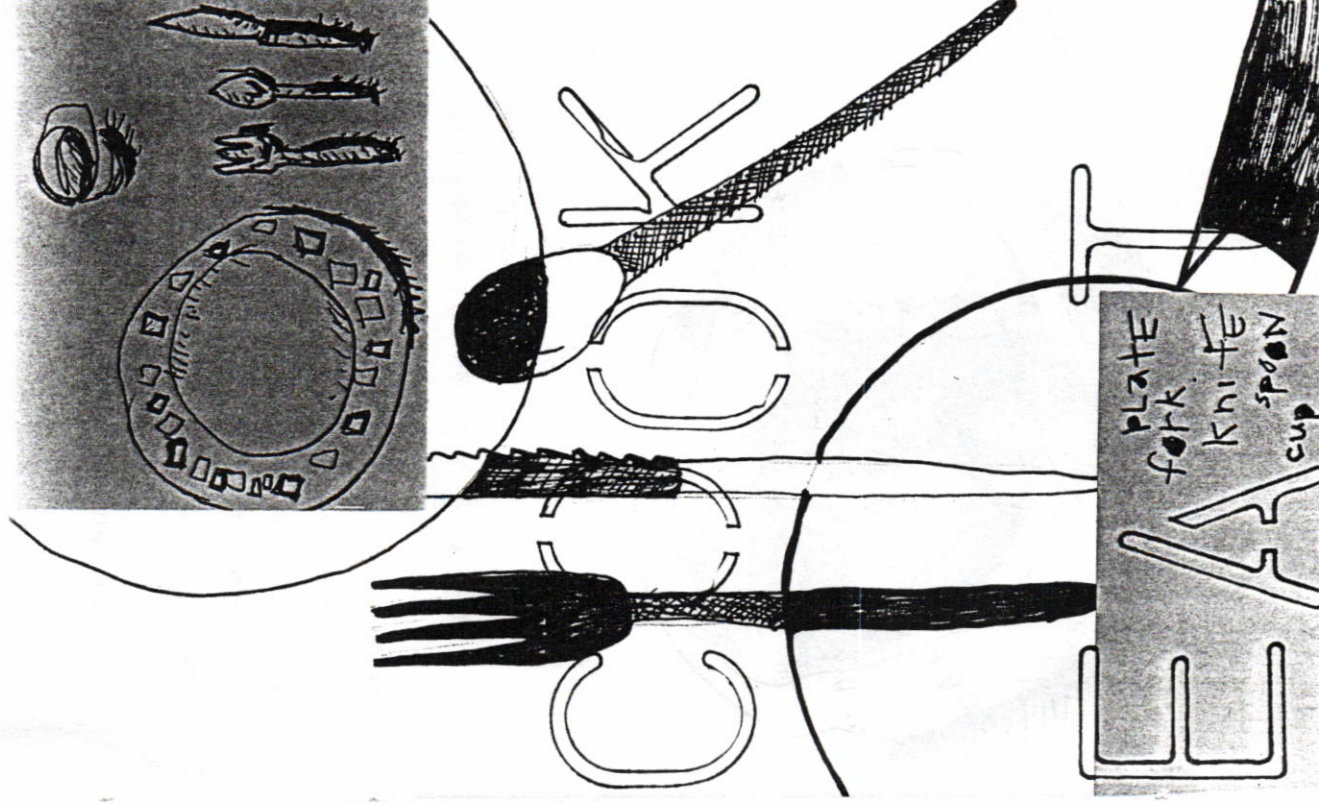
NEW YEAR



The day after that Christian and I left for his friend Evan's house in the Poconos, for New Year's. It was snowing, wetly and thickly, in the morning early when I got up to get him from the train station and it was windy and I knew my dad didn't want me to go at all but, sweetly, he didn't say that. I was twenty minutes late to pick up Chris.

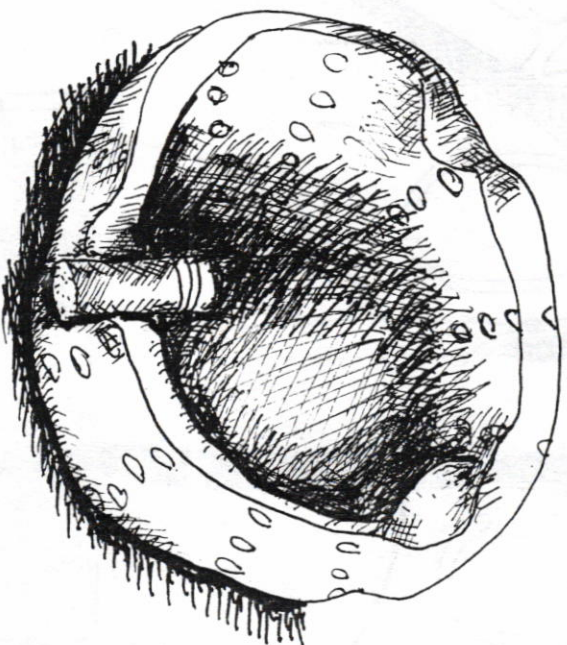
New Year's Eve Kenny drove all nine of us to town in his huge conversion van. It was like riding in a cinema lounge, plushy seats and venetian blinds and tiny lights on the ceiling and in a string along the sides of the walls, and a TV up behind the driver's head and enormous speakers all around. Chris was in love with it all. We went to this club in a gigantic Victorian house which was a different club on each of the three floors. When you walk in there are two bars and a terrible band playing ska covers of 80's songs like "Take On Me" and "Just Like Heaven," and then

HAICIC



My Dad told me today that Edie said she wishes I wrote more fiction.

I had just come in from the cold from being out in Portchester, at the junky antique store, the record store, the thrift store, the cafe. When the sky darkened the Christmas lights lit up on all the scraggly downtown trees, the white pinpoints reflecting on all the hoods of all the cars, both parked and moving.



a used book store since I wanted to find this certain anthology of John Cheever stories. It is the sort of book you think every used bookstore has, this big red anthology, but then when you actually want it you can't find it anywhere. Sara's pink umbrella kept on blowing the wrong way out. And it was then walking from the bookstore to another record store we realized what I had known like a secret since I had woken up: it was a perfect day in New York City in the rain.



# UMBRELLA





One day this vacation I woke up on E.80th on the floor in my sister's apartment. It was raining, barely. It was several days after Christmas and I had driven her and her two cats and her gifts back into the city the night before. This half-raining morning I walked her to work and she suggested that I stop and get coffee if I wanted which is sweet because it's not something she would do herself, she doesn't drink it, or anything at all.

I took the subway downtown and met up with an old high school friend during his lunch hour and then another friend afterward at a record store. We went to this little cafe downstairs from the street where the chairs are lavishly padded and you sink into them. We ordered Americanos which weren't on the menu so we had to tell the European waitress, who kept on touching Sara's arm when she spoke to us, how to make them. She was charming.

Outside we lit cigarettes and walked to

Have I written that I am in love with that antique store in Portchester? It is called Somebody Else's Clutter and it is run by this older woman named Margaret who has big black hair that looks like a wig and an impressive amount of blue eye makeup and she is always wearing turquoise, red, or black. She is short and smokes a lot of cigarettes and the store is crammed full with a million things and some of them so expensive you cannot imagine why she'd pile things up on top of each other the way she does or why she'd just let you wander down downstairs alone among them all. She just doesn't care. Things are like this: Margaret is standing behind the glass counter where she always is and on the other side is someone who is wearing too many clothes and talking slow, drunk. A friend of Margaret's comes in eating a taco and the drunk man wishes me a happy New Year even though Christmas is still two days away, and I buy a red glass ashtray.

In the kitchen when I got home I was scared my father would smell the cigarette on me, smoked while drinking a cup of black coffee out on the bench outside the cafe, smoke all stuck to black coat from the cold, so I turned to Basil, lying on the kitchen tile, and said, I don't know what I said about Edie and writing fiction.

But the fact is that for me there is no fiction anymore there is only this, whatever this is. All I have are these stories organized the only way I know how to make sense of anything. What else do we have but what happens to us and what we do? What we do about it, or what we make, or what we think. Sometimes these things are so huge there is no room to make anything up. There is too much to see and to remember and see again. How could I make up anything more real than what I know? How is this not fiction to the 250 or however many people who read this who do not know me? What is not fiction when

SKY

ATFIE



I am at home now, then, I got back from Portchester just hours ago, it is Christmas Eve's eve, the day last year that I flew home to Connecticut from Kansas.

My mom picked me up from the airport and she says I couldn't stop talking about the trees, overhead and around, dark fragile silhouettes against the darkening Connecticut sky, and all the stone walls and all the winding roads. Funny what you are capable of marveling at when you are gone for only five months. If I went out to Kansas now what wouldn't I shut up about?

you do not know what is true, what is made up, whether it is what you write or what you read?

I'm not making anything up, then, or at least I can't tell the difference anymore. Last weekend visiting Chris in New York I told him how I think about documenting my life even while I am living it, how I have a constant narration in my head. He told me that he tries at all costs to avoid any sort of attribution of meaning to anything that happens to him; he thinks of things as existing outside of any sort of narrative framework. I can't understand this; I don't know how the creative process can function outside of this way of thinking and structuring and organizing and processing experience. I mean I know how it can but it seems like such a detached machine like sort of manufacturing productivity. Chris writes some amazing songs; I listened to them incessantly in Kansas before I had even met him at all. Can they really have

WHE  
FLAT

nothing to do with self-narration? Or if they have everything to do with self-narration but are still absent of meaning because there is no meaning inherent in the organization of experience into story, well, what then? What else is there?

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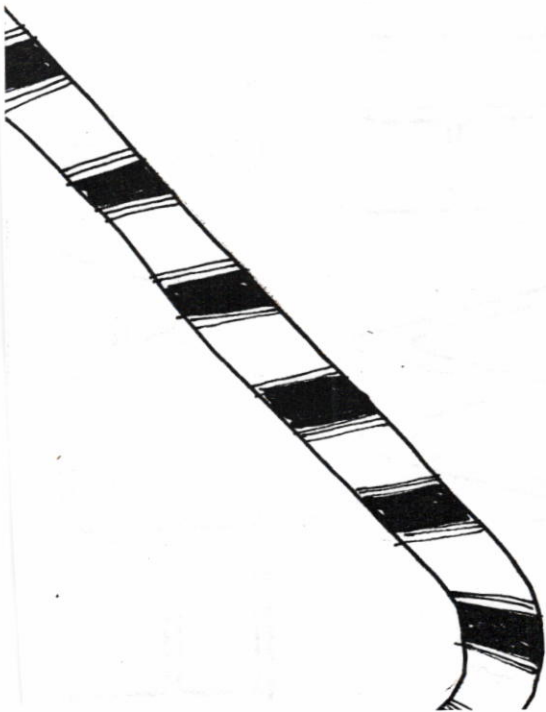
~~TOLE~~ND

HOW

TELL

IT

On our way out of Middletown we stopped to get gas at the cheap full service station and I had to crack open my door because my window is jammed shut. It stopped working that first weekend in November I went to the beach with Chris. At the gas station a man was dressed up as Santa Claus and he gave me and James red and green candy canes and we ate them on the drive home even though I had my gloves on. I prepped James on questions I said I imagined his relatives would ask him on Christmas, like *what are you doing after graduation?* He asked me questions like *what do you think of Momus?* Basil threw up on the back seat, poor thing.





this, the funnier it is. I have no idea why we are so absolutely convinced that someone will break in and steal our stuff, but we are.

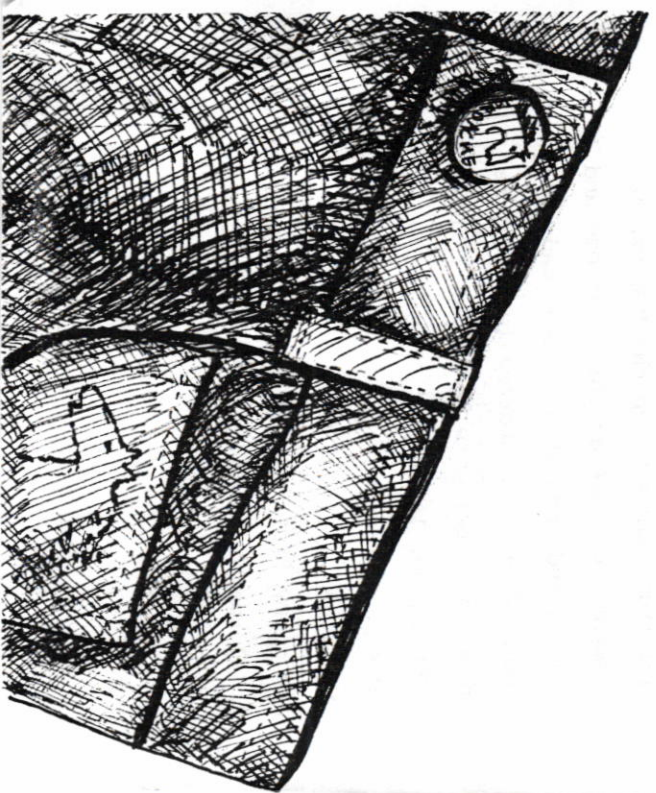
On my second trip home the trip home for good I took my cat Basil and my mail and things and no bicycle and my friend James who drunkenly had stuck his hand down my red dress the week before at the semi-formal, saying *indie pop girls need to get with indie pop boys*. The curious thing is I don't think he would identify as an indie pop boy. In my car during the drive to the Stamford train station I don't know if he remembered this. I shouldn't bring this up like it matters because it doesn't matter, it wasn't threatening and weird, it was strange yes but it was funny: we were all drunk and leaning on the wall smoking cigarettes by the coatroom faces all too close together ready to leave at 2:30 AM but no one going.

I had my first cigarette walking down 1st Ave. from Christian's apartment at 14th St. He gave it to me and taught me how to suck in when he lit it. I inhaled too much and started coughing deep feeling like a kid. Then I took another drag and had the most amazing headrush and I loved it, the rest of the cigarette, all jittery and beautiful, the traffic lights seemed to jump in and out of perfect focus. Other smokers looked at me smoking. It is a funny thing.

I had my second cigarette walking back from Chinatown up the Bowery. At first it wasn't as nice as the first one and I said so and then it was: the headrush again. Then Chris started lecturing me about how smoking is bad which I know more than anyone. It is just that I'm going through my American teenager phase at least two years too late. Over Thanksgiving I bought my first pair of blue jeans in ages: old Jordache, dark indigo, straight slim

leg, white stitching, horse's head. Smoking and blue jeans and fucking shit up; I'll grow out of it all sure as anything.

For days after that I could document and remember which number each cigarette was; the third and fourth on my back porch, the fifth sixth and seventh at the semi-formal, the eighth days later with Georges after working in the studio for hours and hours, after hating everything I had ever done and then falling in love with a million ideas. Then I lost count.



That being up at school was just days ago: yesterday I left Wesleyan for winter break, twice. The first time Jenna and I left at the same time together from our apartment, packing up all things like stereos and computers and the TV/VCR because we have witnessed scary things from our apartment: two men letting out the air of a white van's tire, another man holding a rifle sentry-like on his front porch, police cars staking out our neighborhood and the parking lot behind our building. The tire thing was just two nights ago but the rifle incident was back in September.

I was planning that on my second trip home I'd bring home both my bicycle and my cat but when I got back to my apartment the bicycle wouldn't fit into my car. Its handlebars spread up and out like antlers and my trunk is too shallow. I am in love with this bicycle it lives in our kitchen at night because I don't want to leave it locked to the railing outside our window. So before leaving I locked it to Jenna's iron bed frame. The more I think about



# HELLO!

red charming is a new  
diy mail order catalogue;  
many of these items I've  
been making + selling for  
years through my zines,  
others are new for  
this catalogue. enjoy!

VIVA CREATIVI!  
VIVA PRODUCTIVI!

## ORDERING INFO!

all prices post paid. well-  
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sanchez esavire CD

"purple skied western scene"

\$6

(funiculaire)

14 tracks. chris calls this country rock + he should know, he made this music, but I think of it as love songs for a spaghetti western nouveau. when I first heard it out in Kansas I listened to nothing else for a while. Plus, gorgeous packaging: off-set printed inserts, etc.

bonnet

\$15

I first made this in September

'98. It reminds me of old movie stars. People

have stopped me on city streets asking about it:

I think it is just that sort of hat. Leopard fur, inside lined with red

flannel, + thus reversible!



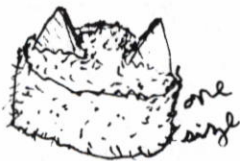
one  
size



## ms. Kitty hat \$10

I've been making + selling them since winter 95-96.

They're adorable with felt fronted ears and now a flannellining hooray! available in black, grey, pastel pink, or leopard (\$12 then) fake fur. lovely.



## vinyl covered books \$4



4 1/4" x 5 1/2", 24 leaves (48 pages)  
white blank paper, butterfly  
(pamphlet) stitched into  
choice of two covers:

\* pink + orange fireworks:  
raised pink glittery fireworks  
on orange vinyl.

\* Mexican Kitchen:  
bright colored fruit on  
bright blue background.



## sewn spine book \$8

4 1/4" x 5 1/2" soft cover  
book, 40 leaves (80 pages.)  
white blank pages, assorted  
color. heavy paper cover.

the charming part is  
the exposed stitching on the  
spine: these books are  
hand-sewn + lie flat when  
open. they make great  
journals. love them.

## honey bear hat \$10



similar structure to the  
ms. kitty hat, but with  
small round ears. very  
sweet. honey brown fake  
fur, flannel lining.



## Insect hats \$15



handknit acrylic yarn  
roll brim hats with black  
pipe cleaner antennae. red  
w/ black spots ladybug or  
black + yellow striped  
bumble bee. one



size fits most, but  
you can indicate  
size preference if  
you wish.

## memorytown u.s.a.

is my autobiographical art/lit  
zine. personal writing + art +  
writing + art; all a sort of  
narrative. #3 is the winter  
in connecticut issue, available  
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## muffin bones

was my old zine, from 1993-98  
#18: travel diary out to Kansas  
+ a new life out there. #19:  
Kansas + soon to leave. autobio  
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